But I hadn't a hope, Jean, of chancing

You've loaned your cadet to Miss Black

For the two-step?-(Poor fellow! He's fated!

He'll never get back!)

You are tired? Not too tired to hear

On you, here alone, on the stair.

My good star is certainly shining!

To tell you all winter, my dear!

Is really a sin!

don't think you mean to be cruel-

You talk all the time: Have I read

What do I care! I muse in this wise:

That light in her eyes."

I wish I could read-(it's a stunner!)

Then, maybe you quit quoting Ibsen

And Wenzell, and Du Maurier.

And touch upon art-praise Millals.

I'm hopelessly mixed on perspective

Rossetti, Burne-Jones and young Gibson,

And high-lights; your raptures I miss,

Then a strain from a dance by De Koven

Sets you talking of music-you speak

really can't envy those chaps, Jean-

Though it's merely a matter of choice!-

They think they know music, perhaps, Jean,

It's the same way whenever we've met,

Though you aren't a conscious coquette.

The effect's been the same-that is all!

think it's because you're so clever-

You're faddy, you know that you are!

I'm tired of my "thinking-part," dearie-

You've done all the talking, you see,

All along; though I'd never grow weary

If you'd skip fads and talk about me!

You forgive me? You love me? I guess

Suppose you say "yes!"

A Woman's Heart.

The longing and the haunting dread-

If I had never met you, dear, the untrou-

And after me, and all around would lie in

No storms of doubt, temptation, grief,

Dim-eyed regret, nor pain be mine.

If I had never met you, dear, I try to

To not have looked into your eyes and felt

To have no memory of your voice, your

hand-touch, or your kiss; a drear

A Rose.

Met that fair maiden wnom he loved the

And wondering where such perfection

With trembling hand she took the precious

Perhaps the mild-eyed maiden never knew

He dyed its petals in his heart's rich blood,

A Surge of the Christmas Tide.

Vhat is this strange, soft tremor i' the air?

Ah! Love, sweet Love, I thought thy song

Ah! Love, dear Love, I thought thy fla

Oh! living current, lighting my despair!

And, lost, I faltered down life's darkened

With thrilling heart I lift my humbled

To see through tears the sign, as He hath

Aye, and forget, our passion and our

Returning to Love's tender faith again?

Together, for all others, let us live, Our souls bathed in the heavenly Christ-

And buoyed with joy, peace and good will

-Anne L. Muzzey.,

The bow of Hope, the promise of His care.

Dearly beloved, can we not forgive,

Now is that sad time of year

When no flower or leaf is here; When a misty Southern ways

Oriole and jays have flown,

And of all sweet birds alone

So give thanks at Christmastide;

Hopes of springtime yet abide!

See, in spite of darksome days

Wind and rain and bitter chill,

Across their lives men heedless go.

Snow and sleet-hung branches, still,

Who think-if e'er they think at all-That through the night much more will fall.

power to whom the dark is light

Vie've Noticed It.

This is the age of the safety pin. Until within a few months it was entirely proper to blush at the mention of a safety

pin and quite improper to mention it out-side one's toilet chamber, but since all the beauteous young women took to wear-ing them outside their belts behind, the

safety pin has flaunted itself in the face of the public and proved its title to respectability. And now the young men are going to adopt it. Count Zichy and one or two

of their coat lapels to secure the enormo

young man's costume. And soon the safety pin will be en evidence everywhere. Young men will cry for it, and no family of good

Looking Backward.

Who reads "Locking Backward" these days, or more than barely remembers Edward Bellamy? Yet five years ago, even in the little prairie towns of the West, well-thumbed paper copies of the book went round from hand to hand, and Nationalist clubs were as plenty as blackberries.

Men industriously wrote answers, or tried to get in the swim with Caesar's Columns and all sorts of bloody prophecies of an im-

standing will fall to wear it openly.

Bids Nature send detectives forth-The swift, cold bloodhounds of the North,

To freeze their footprints in the snow

And tell the world which way they go.

The robin stays.

The robin stays,

To cover up their footprints; so With booty laden home they go. But far away from sound or sight

And that it shone with tears, not morn-

-Fred Leigh Pochin.

-Harriet Nowlin Bullock.

had swept me to this waste so drear;

have been unlived, I ween,

so fair, the grass so green;

the vague unrest, the fear,

If I had never met you, dear.

If I had never met you, dear.

think how it would be.

If I had never met you, dear.

Indianapolis.

heart's flood,

ing dew.

Spencer, Ind.

your presence near to me;

Unbroken gray, my barren life,

A poet, in an early morning stroll,

bled stretch of life before

calm, from shore to shore,

-Stella Weiler Taylor.

But I've heard your voice.

Your intense admiration of Grieg.

All season, at dinner or ball;

And lately I'm duller than ever-

Away below par!

Jean.

Hamilton, O.

For I'm thinking, grown strangely reflective,

"What a picture she is!"

You can't know how heartless you've

The belle of the ball, isolated!

A Case of Heterophemy

Martha Gordon often read over the letter of secret instruction which had been found addressed to her, and inclosed in her cather's will. While never for one instant dispute its binding force, she was prone to muse on its philosophy, wondering whether, like her fortune, it might not prove more prolific of evil than good. She closed each consideration with the dictum; "He knew best;" for love is never so posieive as when it should hesitate.

The subject of her acquiescence, yet debate, ran as follows:

"My Daughter-In leaving you sole helr to a vast fortune, I fear I have conferred more potentialities for evil than for good. However, it is my firm conviction that wealth should be strictly confined within a family's limit, like an heirloom which i is equally discreditable to waste or to divert. Hence you must accept the responsi-bilities of your birth and of my position. The law provides that all wills of property must be filed and recorded in a public office. I know that a secret will of advice from me will receive your filial obedience. Your createst dangers are certain to come from friendship and love. Observe, then, the following precepts in these respects:

Accept only that friendship which gives rather than receives. "Take only that love which refuses to proffer itself. God protect you. Your JAMES GORDON."

village of Croft, Here she lived with her maiden aunt, Miss Euphemia Gordon, and retinue of servants at her comful I'm here," Martha would conclude, 'since I don't at present feel the need of sacrificing either my comfort or my self-

Croft was colonial, and, since it still remained a village, decayed. It had one fine. broad street, double lined with elms and with great white houses comfortably set back amid abundant acres. But some of these were deserted, while others soon would be, so aged and solitary were their inhabitants. Yet the learned professions had representatives in Croft, for, like the poor, they are omnipresent. There was a clergyman, the Rev. William Enticott, and his son, William, jr., had lately opened a law office and was achieving quite a pretty practice from the neighboring iron mines and from the care of estates. There had been a physician, affable, benevolent, patri-archal, but lately he had followed his patients and slept with his fathers. It was rumored at the tavern that a young man from the city had been down negotiating for the old doctor's corporeal and incorporeal hereditaments, and one day in the early fall this report was verified by the affixing of a smart plate bearing the in-scription, "Ralph Farnam, M. D.," on the late residence of that lamented functionary. And the loungers from without told the oungers within that the new doctor was a likely appearing fellow, with eyes as black as sloes and tight, curly hair, and nose and chin which looked as if he were up to snuft. Doubtless Ralph Farnam, while he might have cavilled at the form, would have concurred in the substance of this verdict. For that evening as he was striding up and down the floor of his office, already well furnished, and with an air of scholas tic coziness, he seemed well satisfied with himself. He was not alone, for, outstretched in an easy chair, with her feet on the fender, fairly monopolizing the wood fire which had been kindled against the chill, was a young and pretty woman. There was something wifelike about her mlen which was calmly critical, and her form and features had no point of simiarity with those of the physician's. And et those loungers had also told that he was a bachelor, and had brought his sister

to keep house with him. "I think I had better go over it all once more, Ethel," Ralph was saying, with an eagerness which, in him, had to be fierce, "so that we can't possibly misunderstand each other. In the first place, we are both suffering from a common complaint, for which even my skill has no cure." "That is to say, we are mutually sick of each other," interrupted Ethel.

"Exactly. And we each want to marry. I, to better myself; you, God only knows Which certainly assures you from the slightest inkling."

"Exactly, again. Now, the young lady who is sufficiently rich and unprotected to fulfill the requirements of my somewhat exacting tastes, lives in this infernal hole of a village, as does, through one of those coincidences which seem to foreshadow the existence of a Providence, the cub of a lawyer who has caught your maiden fancy. And so we are here for the betterment of the health of all contiguous bumpkins. That is the situation, is it not, in a dra-matic nutshell, as it were? Very well, then; to proceed. We are to be firm allies, just as hostile nations often are through the bond of a common interest. You will Immediately become Miss Gordon's bosom friend, while I will get in hand and glove

with what's his name, Pettifogger Enticott, "I accept the modification in the interest. of peace and concord, to use the rather re-Prayer. Mr. Enticott, then, and be damned to him. My part is an easy one; young professional men naturally meet; we distern Hypatia. Let me ask you, do you cover mutual friends to speak Dickensese, not English; he calls; I present him to my sister-voila tout! But your assistance to me, my young lady, will be far more difficult; the rich are suspicious; they actually impugn motives. You must manage to form Miss Gordon's acquaintance by acci-dent, and without any idea of her costly identity. Do her a favor; treat her as if you were Lady Bountiful—do you catch the idea? Then she will believe your sympathy to be ingenious, as indeed it always is, dear. My pose before her, as I have told you, will be that of a hopeless lover, adoring the very ground she walks on; but too by hints, what I do in manner, it's ten to one she'll pop the question herself. Self- virtue in the books she used to read? Why the most successful Schatchen on earth! And that's the reason why I am sure you will need but little assistance from me, though I'm prepared to do my share right loyally, even to the extent of promising a tidy dowery-payable out of the beautiful Gordon's money bags, of course. And, now, if these preliminaries are arranged between the high contracting par-

ties, go up stairs and keep quiet. I have Ralph sat at the desk, turned up student's lamp, and in an instant was in- sion spent in her cheeks. tent on certain sanguinary plates. Ethel rose from her chair, passed over to the doorway, where she turned and hesitated, swinging a little forward on the curtain. Do you mind if I ask you a question? Raiph?" at length she queried. "Eh? what that? I mind you asking! No. indeed; ask anything. What is it?"

"Well, then, why do you undertake such a dangerous part, which, if successful, will life when you are so genuinely fond of your art, and, as every one says, so learned among other things with which I intend to Ralph smiled radiantly, for gratified van-

my girl," he replied. "I am fond of my art too fond to prostitute it for gain, humbugging old women, and catering to the fears of old men. Have I the patience to scrimp and save as a smug practitioner, when, if I had the money, I might complete investigations which will make me the greatest man of the age? No. no; the wise man takes what he needs from the luck of fools. As for burdening myself for life, it will be her life, remember, not mine. And now, by the way, since questions are in order, let me ask you one. Why, from out of the innurerable whims of your fantastic brain, did you select and foster this fancy for young Enticott?" Ethel flushed and grew pale, and then lushed more vividly than before; yet her head was proudly erect and her eyes steady

"I don't see why I should be ashamed to answer you; you know in your heart—you know you do. He saved me from insult once. It was in a crowd, and he didn't see my fact, but I was a woman, and, there-fore, entitled to his care. He reminds me fore, entitled to his care. He reminds me of the men I used to rend about when I was a girl at home, and—and—oh, dear! oh, whelmed by the consciousness of having dear! why did you start me talking?"

If don't know but I'll make amends by antagonistic to her meaning to attempt antagonistic to her meaning to attempt any future explanation, even if he gave her timent of the men who owned slaves, and the chance to make one. She would remain silent, believing herself crasy, and since the abolition of that curse."

at home, where I wish to the Lord you had staid; but out in the midst of the stream, and if you don't strike for yourself you will go down, plump. It's all right to land young Enticott; he's well to do and respectable, and you can make it handly if you'll only do justice to yourself; but to handicap yourself with a passion, a love—faugh, you've excited me into a muddle of mixed metaphors! Go along now and dle of mixed metaphors! Go along now and snivel yourself sensible. I'm busy." It was a few weeks later, and again on ng Ralph and Ethel were together in the Study; she, as before, composed and comfortable in the inglenook; and he, pacng the floor, though with less regular steps. For a time there was silence, som-ber and sullen, and then the man stopped short and ejaculated: "Well?"

Well?" repeated the girl, mockingly "You know what I mean," retorted Farnam: "I think we night as well report

"Report what?"
"Progress, I said." "Yes, I think we might as well, if we

"Oh, you are in a skeptical mood to-day, are you? Well, you must listen while I recapitulate; not for your benefit, mind you, but for my own. I learned the advantage of frequent reviews when I was a boy, and I've carried the custom into practical life. In other words, look before you leap. Now, then, we have been in this place less than two months, and how do we stand? We spend our lessure hours at the Gordon homestead on terms of the closest intimacy. This is primarily due to you. I have nothing but praise for the manner in which you have fulfilled my plans. You discovered that Miss Gordon took long walks in the woodland through some crazy fad for botanizing. One stormy afternoon you drove out in the phaeton and managed to come upon her far from home, all adrip and disconsolate. You at once cleverly assumed that she was some poor but ambitious girl, and offered, on the road back, to assist her in every way, saying that you were lonely and heart sick and anxious to share your ample means for the sake of pure sympa thy. Such was the reality of your acting that when the poor fool at length blushing-ly revealed her identity, as if, by Jove, she were doing you a grievous wrong, she also swore an eternal friendship. Oh, to think that such a concentrated extract of niminy-piminy should have a million at her back. But to resume, as the Western Bank said. You are a genius in your line, Ethel, if you would only keep close to it. But you lack persistence, and are such a creature of liotic impulses. My main fear is that you will take it into your head to reciprocate the fervent affection with which it pleases Miss Gordon to honor you.

"I am as insensible of the attraction am of the honor," protested Ethel, Oho, the morning light does seem to be reaking! Women never can abide one another can they? Of course, it followed that you presented your brother to your dearest friend, and that I at once made myself agreeable and almost indispensable. use a vulgarism, I am built that way. spinster aunt, which I did by first giving her parrot the colic and then curing it. I through and through an obstinate resisthave tipped the servants without the slightest consideration for my attenuated Thus I am well spoken of behind my back, which is a point of vantage, and generally of disadvantage, in a love affair, As for the auriferous Martha, I flatter myself that I have posed before her as a lover, ardent but despairing, faithful unto death, yet too proud to subject my passion to a misconception. "You are right-"

"Ah, I knew I was; but I'm glad of your "You are right," continued Ethel slowly, in saying that you flatter yourself; you do, grossly "Why do you say that?"

"One should never pose in the presence of "Curse your riddles, what do you mean by that? Oh, you refer to Enticott, do ou? That's like a woman-to blame me for keeping my engagement and introducing him into our society.' "I don't blame you, but the move proved an unfortunate one. It seems that there was a forgotten boy-and-girl love affair between them. Such passions once re-vived have a superabundance of life. I'm sure Will, Mr. Enticott is devoted to Mar-

tha, and I think she is not indifferent to "Why are you sure? He is continually with you. I supposed your little matter was going along swimmingly. "Yes, he is continually with me; but he is continually talking about Martha."

"And you let him? You don't try to ridicule and to allure? You don't employ the thousand arts that a woman of the world can easily work on a sap-headed bump-"I am sorry for him," said Ethel, softly.
"There you go with another magget in our brain! Sorry for him? Much thanks

he will return when he has married the heiress. She and he will have many a fine

laugh over your sympathy. That is not true! He will never marry her! He is too honorable to ever propose He knows that the people would call him a fortune hunter, and he fears that in time she might get to suspect his motives. What you have been pretending, he really feels. He is hopeless and unhappy, and that is why I am sorry for him.' "Hopeless and unhappy," sneered Ralph. "And are you really taken in by that old game? Why doesn't he keep away from her then? And where are your judgment and memory, pray? Can't you recall my pre-diction about Martha Gordon? Didn't 1 say that she would be apt to make the courting herself in the case of a lover too proud to confess his passion? If she isn't

different to him, and she really thinks that he loves her, then the result is as ap-"Yes, I didn't think of that," interrupted Ethel, "and now I remember that one day Martha asked me whether I didn't in my heart believe that an heiress would be justified in making advances to an honorable man. But he shan't marry her; I would

kill them both first! 'That's the spirit; that's like my worthy coadjutor! Only don't stifle it with scruples, or dampen it with tears. If you wern't as unstable as water, there would be no trouble about your excelling. Now, mark well what I say, Ethel! I don't despair. Do you suppose that a man of my ability will permit carefully laid plans to be thwarted through any such mischance as this fellow Enticott? Oh, no; why, on some accounts I consider the situation promising! Most people are as dependent as babies, when nurt they for coddling. After all, reflex action is love's principal motor." "But reflex action must be preceded by "Admirably put, my dear. With a few

trifling modifications you are quite a modknow what heterophemy is?" But Ethel remained silent with her face haded by her hand. Hypatia? How coarse and insulting this man was even when goodnatured! Was there ever a fitter exemplification of pure, remorseless intellectuality without a grain was adroit, brilliant, learned, as she knew Could she hope to attain happiness by furthering his schemes? Didn't she know that the good and true were more steadfast of heart than he maintained? Were those aspirations to be noble which she had nourished long ago entirely dead? Was not self-sacrifice held up as the highest

"Ethel! Ethel!" shouted Farnam, angrily; "why don't you answer me? Are you

"I asked you whether you knew what heterophemy means?" "I don't know and I don't want to know. If you are meditating a medical lecture I must beg to be excused," replied the girl, indifferently, with all the sparkle of anger gone from her eyes and all the flush of pas-"Request not granted! In the first place, bear in mind that I differ from heterophemy in saying exactly what I mean. Listen now, and you will see that there is point in my medical lecture! Heterophemy means the speaking of the wrong word: in general of the opposite of the one intended. It is an indication of mental disturbance and often of incipient paralysis. You know that my studies and investigations have principally with the brain. Indeed, I think I have pointed out to you the curious amaze mankind some day, I have discovered a drug which in a minute dose will cause the person who has taken it to say exactly what he or she doesn't intend to This effect will be temporary and harmless, though a large dose might cause death. Does your instinct appreciate the purport of this medical lecture?"
"You mean," said Ethel, slowly, "you mean that if Miss Gordon was under the iffuence of this drug at the time when

and made up her mind to declare her love to Will-to Mr. Enticott-she would be very though, but certain to tell him that he was fortune hunter and that she des im. After such a castigation, he wo ease to be hopeless and unhappy, and be-

would she? Did you ever misspeak yourself, by using the word exactly opposite to the word you meant? It happens to o, you must recall that you realized perly what you wanted to say, and what said, and yet you couldn't help your.

No, no: Martha would be too over-

ion. Obtain Martha's im the initiative, and both read and direct her intentions. On the day when she is determined, and an opportunity pr sents itself, a single drop from the vial which I will furnish you, in a glass of water, will do the business. And when Enticott has fled with a flea in his ear, you can prove a ministering angel to him, while I, as physician and friend, will make myself both indispensable and dear to Miss Gordon. Enough said! I must go out now you will thus have a chance to inwardly digest your instructions. You will proba-

bly contrive some improvement, for I know you are more cunning than you seem. Else What my lips and my love have been pinhow did you manage to invelgle me?" Dangerous words. When hope vacates, hatred and revenge are apt to move in Gradually Ethel had been coming to realize that the paradise which she had been fancying could never be a paradise for her. An angel stood before the gate, and his But the way that you flout me, my jewel, sword was her own conscience. She might deceive Entlactt, but she would never be able to deceive herself. Pure bappiness was not for her, and the man who had rendered It's this way: When we are together her thus incapable now depended on her aid, and so confidently that he could not Julien Gordon's last story? Or whether spare a jeer in his demands. Darker and I think all the poets are dead? darker grew the room as the night settled Is Anstey as funny as Bunner? and the coals turned to ash; darker, too, fell the shadow of desperation on Ethel's

And the days passed pleasantly along at the old Gordon homestead. Martha read her father's secret advices less frequently. For one thing, she knew them by heart; for another, she felt that she had adopted them. Certainly, through conformity with the first warning, she had gained a true friend; just so certainly, she ventured to confess to herself, though fulfilling the second, would she find a fond and faithful lover. But the girl hesitated, allowing her shyness to toy with her felicity, and taking a fascinating half-enjoyment, half pain, in the tantalization. She had no doubts of Enticott. His pallor, moodiness, avoidance, and return, were all plain symbols on the

Ethel, too, read the young man's agitation, but with unalloyed pain. Sometimes her fierce, jealous anger would recur, and she would vow, as she had vowed, that never should Martha take her beloved from her. In that vial of colorless liquid which Farnam had given to her she possessed a sure preventive. Had not Ralph warned her that a large dose would be fatal? But, then, she would quickly realize that Martha's death could avail naught, but an irremediable grief for Enticott. If she was sorry for him now, how much more would she be sorry for him then? Why should she begrudge what she never had and never could

Then, too, there would come intense longings to Ethel, the protests of a warm, affectionate nature against her harsh destiny, and she would feel that if for only one brief moment she might hear the assurance To of Enticott's love, forever after she would be blest. This one favor from fate became there with delusions, and maintaining itself ance to reason. And the power to bring about this temporary yet delicious happi-ness lay in her grasp. With one drop from the vial she could make Enticott say what he didn't mean. Either he would avow his love, words which could not be unsaid. however false, or-oh, daring, impossible theory-he would express his contempt for her, and then she would know that, despite of the evidence of her senses and the con-victions of her mind, he cared for her alone. One day, when Enticott and Ethel chanced to be returning together along the woodland road from some outing they stopped at a spring for a cup of water. With a quickness exceeding thought she managed to sup one drop from the vial into the young man's draught. With a quickness exceeding thought, for had Ethel topped to reason she would have entirely

However, when the deed was done, she plunged ahead desperately. "I wish you would tell me your real pinion of me," she said softly. "I am longing to do so," replied Enticott; "I love you, I love you, I love you." At the sound of these impassioned words Ethel hung her head, yielding supinely to

"Oh, say so once more," she murmured.
"I do love you as absolutely as I despise Martha; for I know that you are as noble as she is base. Oh, how happy I am. Ha,

There was a wild tone to his laughter which caused Ethel to look up. There stood Enticott, livid, trembling; with great beads of perspiration on his brow, and tears of mortification in his eyes. He raised his hands and beat his bared head, and then rushed away like a madman. The fruit turned to ashes on Ethel's lips. She knew, as she would not have failed to know had not her self-will prevented, that Enticott had appreciated, even while he spoke, the mistake that he was making. She perceived, too, that he must suspect her of his words would not be so bitter. If there had lingered the faintest possible glimmer guished. Perhaps this was the case, for, as on a former occasion, despair again drove her toward revenge upon Farnam. He was responsible for her misery, re-sponsible for the anguish which poor Enticott was suffering. Though there was no cure for the former, at least there would be mitigation in retaliation, which would also relieve and remove the latter. The evil which Farnam had plotted should recoil on his own head. And then, and then-that rest which she should seek might be both dreamless and tranquil.

Ethel hastened to the doctor's cottage, and found Farnam engaged at his desk. "Oh, Ralph!" she cried. "I have discovered that we have both been mistaken about Martha. You are the one she really cares for; she almost admitted it to me an hour since. You can have her, I'm sure,

for the asking." "That's like you," replied Ralph, with a self-satisfied smirk, as he surveyed his person in the mirror. alarmist. We might have known that she couldn't have preferred him to me. Would this be a good time for me-"The very best! She is alone and dole-ful, and thinking of you. Strike while the iron's hot, I say. "By jove, I will," resolved Farnam; "but

you're a good sort after all, Ethel, to bite off your own nose so readily."
"I'll not bite it off, but I'll drink a toast with you of good riddance to it," retorted Ethel, gayly, and she brought from the closet, after a moment's delay, two glasses

here's to auld lang syne," pro-

posed Ralph.
"Viva la bagatelle," smiled Ethel, and so mestead, with thoughts far more rapid than his steps. He was fiercely, almost madly exultant that the prize, which he had believed could only be won through a long and patient course of chicanery and deception, was fairly awaiting his grasp. There should be no hesitation or reluctance bout his procedure; he would speak his little piece like a conqueror, and then take in his mind that they might issue trippingly from his tongue, and with all vehemence of passion. Martha was alone in her sitting room, and Farnam thought he detected signs of despondency as he entered. Even so slight a confirmation of Ethel's story enhanced

his confidence into impudence, so that, with searcely any formal preliminary remarks. he sprang to his hostess's side, exclaiming: "You little fool, I want to tell you just how little I think of you! I love your wealth devotedly. I must have it even at the cost of you as an incumbrance! But I won't stand any of your nonsense, re-member that! I would give your life for my comfort every time! Oh, I could just

At the starting of this extraordinary address Martha had sat motionless, well-nigh paralyzed by the incongruity between the man's words and his soft tones and lovesick expressions. But as he pressed closer and extended his hands imploringly, fear for her personal safety disregarded the gen-tieness of his gesture. She sprang to her feet and screamed lustily, even as Farnam shrunk away overwhelmed by a sudden conusness of what he had said. There was an answering cry, and swiftly proaching steps, and Enticott, disheveled haggard, dashed into the room. "Oh, my darling, my darling," cried Mar-ha, "save me from this maniac!" "I'm crazy myself," muttered Enticott,

"but I'll protect you with my life," and he turned to confront Farnam. There was no need. Confused and confounded, appreciating the utter futility of cheme, Farnam slunk out of the house. with only one definite thought in his throbbing and seething brain. He would be avenged on the woman who had betrayed him if he hanged for it. He entered the later he rushed out and forth into the world perstitious defeat. For Ethel lay on the with the empty vial on the floor by her side.

New York Times.

Georgia's Early Anti-Slavery Stand.

"I don't believe it is generally known that Georgia was the first State in the Union to pass an ordinance against slavery," said the Hon. Charles L. Moses, the talented nent of the men who owned slaves, and of

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. A Protest. I've stolen away from the dancing-It was dull because you weren't there!

Holiday Hints For All.

109 and III S. Illinois Street.

A Cloak Crash

JACKETS, CAPES, FURS.

Our buyer has just returned from the Cloak Market and reports wonders in the cloak line. Over 1,000 garments bought for spot cash and will go this week at FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR. You Need a Good Warm Cloak.

Come Monday and Secure a Bargain.

Umbrellas

We are showing the largest and cheapest stock of Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas ever brought to this city. All the latest handles, in natural Crooks and Loops, Plain and Sterling Silver mounted. Also full line of | the Rose patent from \$3.50 to \$5. We will guarantee to sell you an umbrella for \$1 you cannot equal in this city for \$1.50.

Of your fondness for Brahms and Bee-Jewelry

Ladies' and Children's Solid Gold Rings, Plain and Set, worth \$1, go for 48c. Ladies' Lace Pins, Ladies' Stick Pins and other fancy ornaments suitable for holi-day presents at very low prices. A new assortment of Gentlemen's Scarf Pins, Link Buttons, Gold and Silver Studs -one-half price for the holiday trade. New arrival of Neckwear. Some new a neat designs in 50c Neckwear for 25c.

Special sale Linen Cuffs and Collars, all izes, for 1216c.

Men's Underwear and Furnishing Goods Dress Goods

Now I've had the revenge that I seek, Jean, Men's lined Kid Gloves, worth 50c, go for Men's White Unlaundered Shirts, worth must give you a chance here to speak, Men's White Dress Shirts, laundered, worth \$1, for 89c. Men's Fleece-lined Underwear, worth 75c, Men's all-wool Half Hose, worth 35c, go If I had never met you, dear, life would Men's Hermsdorf dye black Half Hose, ligh-spliced heel and toe, worth 25c, go The sun had never been so bright, the world Men's 50c Suspenders for 25c. I had not suffered half the pain, nor felt

Well, Well!

SELIG'S BAZAAR 75 Beaver Jackets, 2-button, box front, ripple back, new mandolin sleeves, worth

\$3.98 50 Jackets, Heavy French Beaver, melon

\$4.90 100 Assorted Boucle and Fancy Weave Silk-lined Jackets, very latest, worth from \$15 to \$30, go for

\$7.90

100 Diagonal Satin-trimmed Double Capes, worth \$8, go for \$3.89 50 Beaver Capes, trimmed in braid and fur, worth \$10, go for

\$4.90 25 Boucle and Fancy Astrachan, different

weaves, silk lined, worth \$20 to \$25, go for \$11.90 15 large Astrachan Capes, 33 in. long,

\$9.90 100 Children's Novelty Jackets, ages from 8 to 18, worth \$5, go for \$2.39

15 pieces Silk-finish Novelties, 40 inches wide, regular 25c goods; now 15c. All-wool Serges, all-wool Henriettas, allwool Cloths, worth from 29c to 45c, now All-wool Superfine Silk Finish Henriettas, the 75c grade, 47c; the \$1 grade, 621/2c; extra 10 boxes Silk Velvet; good quality; regular price, 75c; now 25c.
5 pieces Peau de Soie Silk, black, regular value, \$1.25; now 79c.
Dress Linings cheaper than sold anywhere in the city.

Lace Curtains from 85c a pair upwards.

Chenille Curtains as low as \$1.89 a pair. Home-made Comforts now at \$1.39 each.

Dolls Dolls

price asked by other houses.

Kid Body and French Bisque jointed Dolls, worth \$1, go for 50c. All our departments are prepared for the holiday trade. Useful and ornamental and fancy goods, suitable for holiday presents.

Special Handk'c'f Sale

worth 25c, for this sale 10 cents

200 dozen Gents' Hand-embroidered In-itial Japanese Silk, Hemstitched Handker-

25 cents

25 cents

Ladies' Extra Fine Swiss Embroidered, Scalloped Handkerchiefs; regular price, 25c,

100 dozen Ladies' Pure Silk, Hand-em-broidered Handkerchiefs in plain white and assorted colors, worth 15c, go for 8 1-3c.

1,000 Children's New Books just received; regular price, 25c, for one week, 10c.
Just opened a grand line Stamped Lines Goods; prices, lowest of the low.

Ladies' Kid Gloves

SELIG'S BAZAAR SELIG'S BAZAAR SELIG'S BAZAAR

LADIES: We do not claim to give you gold dollars for a penny, but we do claim to give you goods that will please or money refunded. We guarantee 100 cent's worth for \$1.

SELIG'S BAZAAR.

This Store Open Evenings Until After Christmas.

ending revolution. The magazines of that ime were full of the labor question, mostly favoring radical changes in existing indus-Now the people are reading about other things and "Looking Backward" accumi-By the way, at a labor parade in Chicago

a transparency was carried, bearing this legend, "Read 'Looking Backward," and a good many of the serious-minded members of the unions were much perplexed about the advice. They said they didn't see how anybody could read that way.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

In sincere words his passion he confessed, Revealing the chaste ardor of his soul. Statistics prove that nearly two-thirds of the letters carried by the postal service To love, be loved, is life's sufficient goal; of the world are written, sent to, and read For me pin this red rose upon your breast, by English-speaking people. There are 1,500 different species of snakes It will not droop or fade with time's long in the world. Out of all that vast number England only has four species, and only Or lose its fragrance while the seasons

one of those are poisonous. In San Francisco a seventeen-year-old husband recently obtained an absolute divorce from his sixteen-year-old wife. He Thomas Yonokow, of Shamokin, Pa., who has been formally separated from his

wife fifteen times in twenty-nine years, has at last been divorced from her. It is said that in the 'city of Warsaw there are 31,000 persons belonging to the hereditary nobility and 9,000 nobles who became such by personal service to their

The persons of African descent in the United States are classified according to degrees of colored blood into 6,337,980 blacks, 956,989 mulattoes, 105,135 quadroons and 69,936 A match-cutting machine is quite an automatic curiosity. It cuts ten million a day, and then arranges them over a vat,

there the heads are put on at a surprising rate of speed. It is estimated that the number of He-rews in London is about 100,000 or 120,000. There are 15,964 Hebrew children attending the London board and Hebrew voluntary schools of the lower grades.

The value of a wife seems to have been mostly held in light esteem in England at one time, for one was sold in Gloucester market at auction in 1841 for half a crown, and it is recorded that the purchaser frequently congratulated himself on his "bar-

The heaviest horse in New England is said to be one owned in Somerset, Vt., and used in lumbering on the mountains. It is a Clydesdale, is five years old, stands eight-een hands high, and weighs 2,100 pounds. A horse weighing 1,500 pounds is notice-

The owner of a pin factory in Seymour, Conn., recently hauled away several tons of defective pins and made of them a sidewalk in front of his house. He expects, as soon as these useful implements rust and are pounded down to have the finest pavement in the United States. One of the buildings at the Tennesse

centennial exposition will be erected en-tirely with money provided by the children of the State. Everything in it and around it will be arranged for the pleasure and profit of children. In the tower will swing a fine set of silver chimes. What are claimed to be the largest fire engines in the world are the two built recently in London. One is capable of throwing 1,400, the other 1,800 to 2,000 gallons of water per minute. The machines weigh readily drawn at full gallop by four horses, The Yellow river is styled the "Sorrow of China." During the last century it has changed its course twenty-two times, and now flows into the sea through a mouth three hundred miles distant from that of one hundred years ago. It is estimated that its floods in the present century have cost China eleven million of lives. The grandest attempt ever made to raise the arts to a pinnacle of perfection was

Napoleon's project to assemble all the scattered masterpieces of painting and sculpture in one collection. This he actually effected, and for ten or twelve years the Napoleon Museum in the Louvre at Paris was the wonder and admiration of the In Samuel, Chap. vi, verse 18, it is recorded that "the great stone erected as a memorial unto Abel," by Adam, was in existence at the time Samuel wrote his inspired book.
It was called "The Stone of Abel," and its
epitaph was: "Here was shed the blood of
Abel." See Matthew Chan

riguing with the wife of the grand general of artillery, this latter officer caused him to be tied to the back of a wild Ukranian horse. After being chased by wolves, and dashing over ravines and torrents, the horse stopped in a small viliage, where Maseppa was rescued and became a leader

There is no building material so durable as well-made bricks. In the British Museum are bricks taken from the buildings in Nineveh and Babylon which show no sign of decay or disintegration, although the ancients did not burn or bake them, but dried them in the sun. The

and the Thermae of Diocletian, have en- fall that ensued, would have thought that dured the ravages of time far better than the stone of the Coliseum. Counting the Mississippi and Missouri as one stream, the total length of this great inland ocean is over four thousand miles, Considered separately the Missislsppi is 2,816 miles and the Missouri 3,047.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Embarrassments of Divorce. He-We met last in '82. She-Ah, yes. Let me see. Who was

His Most Important Function. Johnny-An editor is a man what puts things in the paper, isn't he, pa? Pa-Oh, no, my son! An editor keeps

things out of the paper.

Detroit Tribune. Mrs. Bingo-I don't know what we will ever do with Bobbie. It seems impossible for him to learn how to spell. Bingo-We'll have to make a sign painter

To Be Expected. Customer-See here! all the buttons came

off this coat the first time I wore it. Dealer-Yah. So many beoples admire dot coat, you shwell up mit pride und burst dose buttons off. Pointers.

Detroit Tribune.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "Wait and I'll tell you, sir," she said. s creature of foldies, this thin Grabbed the paper and scanned the ads.

Miss Summers (sentimentally)-Ah, Mr. has a regular bicycle face, hasn't he?

"Did you trade any when you wus ter 'Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel, "some, "Twas what ye'd call a stand-off. I give

A Grim Reality.

Merchant (on discovering a man in h)s ellar)-Who are you? Stranger-The gas man. I have come to see by your meter how much gas you have ised during the last month. Merchant-Good gracious! I was hoping

Detroit Tribune. "She is indeed a poem."

The casual listener, hearing the heavy he was excused.

Don't fail to see our unrivaled stock of Dolls and Toy Sets. We will sell you a Doll or holiday gift at almost one-half the Kid Body Dolls, 48c.

300 dozen Ladies' Hand-embroidered, In-itial. Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs,

chiefs; have always been 50c, special sale

Ladies' Finest Swiss Embroidered Scal-loped Handkerchiefs in all the new open work designs; actual value, 39c; go for

15 cents

1,000 Children's New Books

Real Kid, guaranteed, 4-button and Foster lacing Glove; regular \$1.50 grade; go for 98c.

somebody had been killed with a blunt New York Weekly. Downtown-What's happened to Bliffers? He goes around in rags.

Uptown-He has stopped renting and gone

Able to Pay. New York Weekly. Club Man-Why didn't you recognize Clarence Fastchapp when we met? Sister—He has disgraced himself. I vas old that he was turned out of the Hightone Club for not paying his dues.

only for "conduct unbecoming a gentle-

Asking Too Much. "Here is an interesting query from an anxious inquirer," remarked the "Answers to Correspondents" editor. "What does he want to know?" asked the Fish Story editor.

Club Man-That's a base slander. It was

"He wants to know how we know all the answers to all the fool questions our correspondents ask."

Not Up to the Standard. San Francisco Post. They didn't know they were attracting attention, but they were. Fragments of street, were caught and carefully treasure by passers-by, but a couple that walked im-mediately behind them heard it all. "Can't you say yes?" he pleaded, as he felt surreptitiously for the hand that dropped at her side and didn't find it. "Oh, don't ask me," she groaned, as she rolled her eyes up to the top story of the Parrott building, across the street. "But I can't help it. You will, won't you, "I can't tell yet. Be patient. Wait a lit-"Oh, how can I be patient until I know you are mine. You know I love you from

the bottom of my heart. Can't you say the She started, and gazed at him searchingly. "No, you do not love me. My eyes are opened," she hissed. "But-but-yet-I'll give you one more chance to prove it." "I not love you, my life and soul? I'd give my life for you. If I had fifty lives I'd give them all, one at a time, for your

love. Can you give me no encouragement? "When will you tell me?" "As soon as I can decide." "Oh, I know you must love me, dearest." She stopped, and looked into a shop window, and then walked very slowly. She looked at him curiously. He was still pleading in passionate words for her love. Suddenly she stopped and turned on him, with her eyes snapping hatred and defiance. "Go," she commanded. "I tell you to go, and never let me see that false face or hear those false words again.'

He stood, paralyzed with amazement. "Go," she repeated. "You have been weighed and found wanting. I will never marry a man who will whisper words of love in my ear to distract my attention while he gives me the rush past two ice-cream stands and three candy stores. Go."

Knew It Meant Soldiers.

A prospective juror wearing long hair and wealth of whiskers caused much laughter in Judge Dunne's court yesterday afternoon. "Do you understand the meaning of the word malicious?" asked the attorney for the defense. "Of course I do," promptly answered the man in the jury box. "You are sure about it, are you?" "Yes, sir, "Soldiers," answered the juror. Then he seemed surprised when the court told him "Well, what does the word mean

PLANCON

HAVE frequently used the genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT in France, whenever I felt myself run down. i also use it in America and find it most excellent in clearing my voice.

ALL OTHERS ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

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"J'al employé souvent en France le véritable extrait de mait de JOHANN HOFF et, chaque fois que je me sens affaibli, j'en fais usage en Amérique, Ask for the genuine JOHANN HOFF' MALT EXTR ACT.

An Agricultural Device. Detroit Tribune. "I hear Smith has quit sowing his wild "Yes. His attention was called to the strong arguments in favor of rotation of A Diagnosis Up to Date.

Wheeler! whenever I look at this bust of Dante, the somber saturninity of it moves me strangely. Mr. Wheeler-U'm-er, yes; the old gent A Staud-Off.

a feller a counterfelt fifty-dollar bill fur a

you were only a burglar.

don't believe anybody understands

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